



**S**WEE Poll of Plymouth was my dear,  
When forc'd from her to go,  
A-down her cheeks ran many a tear,  
My heart was fraught with woe.

Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,  
The land we left behind,  
Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,  
My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between  
Us lay the ocean wide,  
For five long years I had not seen  
My sweet, my honny bride.

That time I sail'd the world around,  
All for my true love's sake,  
But press'd as we were homeward bound,  
I thought my heart would break.

The press gang bold I ask'd in vain  
To let me once on shore,  
Hlong'd to see my Poll again,  
But saw my Poll no more.

And have they torn my love away,  
And is he gone, she cry'd,  
My Polly, sweetest flower of May,  
Then languish'd droop'd and dy'd.

